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and many other rivers were greatly changed. But, truly curious as such documents undoubtedly are, and worthy of the most attentive research in order to ascertain what support can really be given to geological theories by historical evidence, they could not be received as conclusive in respect to the face of Europe, unless something like a chain of deductive reasoning from observed facts could be adduced in support of them. What, then, is the state of the case? Must we reject the ice-transporting theory as insufficient, and stand in despair of ever finding a clue to our difficulties? Far from it: the very difficulty itself points to the true explanation. The northern or Scandinavian boulders are not mixed with the Alpine on the low grounds at the base of the Jura, and this circumstance shows us that there was a limit to the space over which these boulders were transported, and that limit was, probably, the result of the elevation at which the ocean then stood. Whilst, then, this ancient ocean was conveying from the Scandinavian peaks its falling glaciers loaded with fragments of rocks, the glaciers of the Alps were conveying over the ice-covered land the fragments of its broken pinnacles. Such a union of the two modes of transport, combined with sea currents, seems at once consistent with reason and efficient in explanation; for example, it explains the difficulty experienced in understanding the ancient glaciers of the northern face of our Dublin mountains, where we see limestone gravel and fragments of red sandstone accumulated against their base up to a certain point where they end abruptly, and gravel of primitive rocks begins. The limestone gravel and fragments of sandstone may have been conveyed there, and heaped up by the pressure of drifting ice, whilst the descending glacier conveyed primitive fragments, and pushed up before it into a heap the limestone gravel. We have therefore now come to the consideration of the glacier theory, which, propounded and explained by Agassiz, has assumed not merely a character of sublimity, but of demonstration. This I shall enter upon in another article, to which I shall also defer some necessary remarks on the supposed causes of that great and general refrigeration which Agassiz assumes, and the facts support. But even now I cannot refrain from answering a question which may possibly be asked by some, Why do you place so abstruse and difficult a subject before the readers of a popular work? I do so, because, though assuredly of no easy solution, the boulder question is one replete with interest, and calculated to excite the attention of many who perhaps never before thought that in those time-worn stones was matter to exercise the deepest reflection of the philosopher. But this is not all. To follow up the theories of the astronomer, instruments, and "appliances to boot," are necessary, which few can possess; but to seek for geological data, the inquirer needs only health, his hammer, and his bag. When, therefore, as so powerfully urged by Mr Patterson, in his beautiful address to the Natural History Society of Belfast, our national system of education shall include within it an elementary course of natural history, we may hope to see in each of its trained schoolmasters not a "village Hampden," but a "village White" or a "village Sausage," and in each locality around him a group of young and ardent naturalists growing up with a taste and enthusiasm for scientific research which not only will infuse happiness over their own breasts, but multiply the data for correct deductions. And in what branch of geological inquiry is such a multiplication of materials more required than in the one we have been discussing? Happy times, then, for science, morality, and religion, when a taste for research shall have been budded on the earliest shoot of man's intelligence!

J. E. P.

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**—Though civilization may in some degree abate the native ferocity which prompts men to torture the brute creation, it can never quite extirpate it. The most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph see them plunge them into each other's hearts; they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, frying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers. They see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge

drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety; they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails; and to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expense to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other, and but to multiply the objects of their persecution. What name should we bestow on a superior being whose whole endeavours were employed and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind?—whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosity amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other?—whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent?—who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with the utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman.—*Disquisitions on Several Subjects, by Soame Jenyns.*

## HISTORY OF PAPER-HANGINGS.

Abridged from a paper by Mr Crace, read before the Royal Institute of Architects.

PAPER HANGINGS may be divided into three separate branches, the flock, the metal, and the coloured; and each of these seems to have been invented at a different time, as an imitation of a distinct material—the flock to imitate the tapestries and figured velvets, the metal in imitation of the gilt leather, and the coloured as a cheap substitute for painted decorations. Professor Beckman says that the former of these, the flock, was first manufactured in England, and invented by Jerome Langer, who carried on the art in London in the reign of Charles the First, and obtained a patent for his discovery, dated May 1st, 1634. Various French and German authors give us the credit of this invention, yet it is disputed by a Frenchman, M. Tierce, who in the *Journal Économique* says, that a man named Francois carried on this art at Rouen so early as the years 1620 and 1630, and affirms that the wooden blocks employed are still preserved with the before-mentioned dates inscribed on them. Francois was succeeded by his son, who followed the business with success for fifty years, and died at Rouen in 1748. M. Savary, in his *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, thus describes the manner in which the French manufactured their *tonture de lane*, or flock hangings:—The artist having prepared his design, drew on the cloth, with a fat oil or varnish, the subject intended to be represented; and then the flocker, from a tray containing the different tints of flocks, arranged in divisions, took the colours he required, and sprinkled them in a peculiar manner with his finger and thumb, so that the various shadows and colours were properly blended, and an imitation of the wove tapestry produced.

Of the second branch, the metal papers, I do not find much mentioned by the older writers; and of the coloured papers I almost despaired of finding any early account, till, in an old French dictionary of commerce, printed in 1723, under the head of *Dominoterie*, I discovered an account which seems to give the origin of the present system of paper-staining. *Dominoterie* is an ancient French name for marble paper, such as used by bookbinders; and the early French paper-stainers were associated with the makers of that article, as a class called *dominotiers*. The manufacture is thus described:—

The design having been drawn in outline, on paper pasted together of the size required, the paper was then divided into parts of a suitable size, and given to the carver or wood engraver, to cut the designs on blocks of pear-tree, much in the same manner as at present. The outline thus cut was printed in ink with a press, resembling that then used by the letter-press printers, on separate sheets of paper. When dry, they were then painted and relieved with different colours in

*distemper*, and afterwards joined together, so as to form the required design. The author then adds, that grotesques and panels in which are intermingled flowers, fruits, animals, and small figures, have up to this time succeeded better than imitations of landscapes, or other tapestry hangings, which are sometimes attempted, and refers to article 61 of the French laws in 1686, which confirms the statutes published in 1586, 1618, and 1649, in which rules are given as to what kind of presses, &c. are to be used by the dominotiers, and prohibiting them under heavy penalties from printing with types.

Recurring to the subject as connected with this country: in the year 1754, a Mr Jackson, a manufacturer of paper-hangings at Battersea, published a work on the invention of printing in *chiaro oscuro*, and the application of it to the making of paper-hangings, illustrated with prints in proper colours. This book is a sort of advertisement of the kinds of papers made, and the mode of manufacture employed by him. He adopted a style of paper-hangings executed with blocks in *chiaro oscuro*, in imitation of the most celebrated classic subjects.

To use his words, "The persons who cannot purchase the statues themselves, may have these prints in their places, and thus effectually show their taste. 'Tis the choice and not the price which discovers the true taste of the possessor; and thus the Apollo Belvedere, the Medicean Venus, or the Dying Gladiator, may be disposed of in niches, or surrounded with a mosaic work in imitation of frames, or with festoons and garlands of flowers, with great taste and elegance; or, if preferred, landscapes after the most famous masters may be introduced into the paper. That it need not be mentioned to any person of taste how much this way of finishing with colours, softening into one another with harmony and repose, exceeds every other kind of paper-hanging hitherto known, though it has none of the gay, glaring colours in patches of red, green, yellow, and blue, &c. which are to pass for flowers and other objects in the common papers."

By the account of this gentleman we find that paper-hangings were then in common use, and had reached a certain degree of perfection, for that even arabesques were executed; and I therefore conceive that the art discovered by Lanyer had been continued from his time to the present; particularly as in the year 1712, the 10th of Queen Anne, a duty of 1½d. per square yard is imposed on this manufacture. In the reign of that queen the Chinese paper-hangings were very much employed, and have continued in fashion to the present day. These hangings, though parts of them may be executed by blocks or stencils, are almost wholly painted by hand. Cotemporary with Jackson, I have learned that a Mr Taylor, the grandfather of one of our present most eminent manufacturers, carried on this business to a considerable extent, and accumulated a large fortune. He was succeeded by his son, who, I am informed, visited France, and was enabled to give the manufacturers there considerable information. He said on his return that he found the French paper-hangings very inferior to our own, both as to execution and beauty of design. In those days we had an extensive export trade in this material to America and other foreign parts, but we are now driven out of this market by the French. The paper-hangings at that date, about 1770, were manufactured nearly in the same manner as at present; I have indeed seen a flock paper of a large rich damask pattern, more than 100 years old, which resembles in every way the modern material; it is singular that this art of flocking was disused and almost lost during a period of twenty years, and revived only about forty years ago; a mode of decorating papers was also formerly employed, which is now never adopted. I have seen papers ornamented with a substance commonly called frost, a species of tale.

In the year 1786, there was established at Chelsea a manufactory for paper-hangings of a superior description, conducted by Messrs George and Frederick Echarde, gentlemen of considerable taste and spirit. The mode of manufacture was different to that in general use; for, besides the usual printing blocks, copper plates, on which were engraved designs of great finish and beauty, were likewise employed, and they not only printed on paper, but also on silk and linen; and by an underground of silver or gold, they obtained very beautiful effects of colour.

Only part of the design was given by printing; it was finished by artists constantly retained by the manufacturers, men of considerable talent, who again were assisted in the

inferior parts by young girls, of whom more than fifty were employed; and had this undertaking been supported by the government, it would, I think, have been more available as a school for our rising artists, and of infinitely greater service, than our present school of design, for it would have been a *working school*, and no other, I am convinced, will be of any use in forming a talented race of decorative artists in this country. There was also about this time another establishment similar to the former, conducted by Mr Sheringham, in Marlborough-street.

From this time the French began to excel in this superior branch of the art, which with us had fallen on such barren ground. Their manufacturers were encouraged in every way by their government and the Emperor Napoleon to attempt that perfection which they have now so successfully attained. —*Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following extract from the Diary of Sir Walter Scott (see his Life by Lockhart) touchingly exemplifies the state of his feelings at the period of his ruin, of the total loss of property and frustration of all his bright hopes by the bankruptcies of the Ballantynes and Constable:—"It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me. What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism. Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me; that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish; but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those, who loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do, could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—when I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman"—"a well-meaning man"—"nobody's enemy but his own"—"thought his parts would never wear out"—"family poorly left"—"pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?

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